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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE. SCIENCE. EDUCATION. AND AGRICULTURE.

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"I HAVE DONE WITH TOBACCO."

What! after so long a servitude? Done with it, quite done, and you will never use it again? My friend, you have my warmest congratulations.

First, I congratulate your own person. You have done a capital thing for your personal cleanliness. No human being can be neat and tidy, and yet use tobacco. You can no more bring the two things together than you can the Northern and the Southern Poles. You have, I rejoice to hear, desired your wife and youngsters to put your snuff and tobacco boxes in the fire, and sent your pipes and cigars after them. I give you joy in your deliverance.

And you are a more fragrant member of the human family. You must take it kindly, my friend, but it has been the fact that your nearness to your friends has not been the most agreeable, from this cause. The sweet and balmy atmosphere has been troubled by your presence, and many a one, in conversation with you, has snuffed something more than a "welcome fragrance."

But I must hasten to congratulate your wife. My good woman, your husband has made a noble triumph. Do but think of it; he says he has done with tobacco! Will not all this take at least one of those wrinkles from your brow? You had better have a jubilee on this deliverance. You must give your good man one of the sweetest smiles for his victory that ever made loveliness more lovely, and keep up the sweetness of such smiles.

There will be more fragrance and wholesomeness in your pew in the church than there has been. The house of prayer will have one more section of it more purified than heretofore. That is a comfort.

Your purse, my dear friend, comes in for a share in this congratulation. You have stopped one very serious leak in it. It will now be more apt to become heavier, and be a greater pleasure to its owner. And perhaps the widow and the fatherless may get a crumb or two more of comfort for the stoppage of that waste-gate of your substance.

I congratulate the small fry of your family. If the father makes a funeral pile of the whole tobacco concern, the sons are less likely to give up themselves to the dominion of that undesirable narcotic. If you are a hearty reformer in this matter, you certainly will damp the aspirations of the lads for this form of human greatness. The little fellows, some of them at least, think that it is one of the most glorious testimonies and prerogatives and privileges of manhood, and that they are themselves pretty considerably advanced toward that exalted condition of humanity if they can but snuff, smoke, or chew "as my father does." So, my dear sir, you have made it less likely than it was before your wise resolution, that the tobacco mania should have abettors from your fireside.

But I cannot add any more links now to the chain of my congratulations, but will hasten to my conclusion, which is a most hearty welcome to the ranks of that portion of the human family who have either never defiled themselves with tobacco, or, having done so, have had the good sense and conscience to make a clear escape from that kind of delinquency. I make you welcome also to all the quietness of mind, calmness of nerves, cleanliness of person, household purity, and feminine smiles, which a thorough purgation from tobacco carries in its train. And I make you heartily welcome, with us, to as smashing a warfare as moral suasion will suffer us to carry on, against pipes, snuff, cigars, tobacco-boxes, and all the paraphernalia usually generated by indulgence in the Indian weed.—*Band of Hope Review.*

"GOOD-BYE TO MY PIPE AND TOBACCO-BOXES."

A DEADLY TRIAL.

Three young men, well-dressed, were standing before the bar in one of the brilliantly-fitted taverns of the city. They were clerks in the firm of Weatherby & Co., shipping agents, and had just left the office for lunch.

"By the by," says one, during a lull in the banter which has been passing between them for some little time, "I've been thinking about Johnson getting the second job. Now I don't want you to think me vain or jealous, but, I do think it's a shame on the gov'nor's part. He ought to have given it to me—I'm the oldest here. Don't you think so, 'Arry?"

"Well," returned the one appealed to, "I don't know exactly who ought to have had it. But I know this, Johnson has no right there, and ought to be kicked out. What do you say, Will?"

"Well," answered Will Adams, whose appearance, unlike that of the others, at once invited respect, "it doesn't seem altogether the thing, I admit. He has been with Weatherby a shorter time than any of us, and one would suppose seniority gave priority. But the governor seems to think otherwise, and he's a right to do as he likes. Certainly, Johnson is smart, and up to his work. He isn't what he was."

"No, you're right—he's not the chap he was," scoffed the first speaker. "One time he was sociable and didn't object to harmless fun. Now he won't even take a glass of beer with us, much less join in a game of billiards. I don't object to people being religious if they don't go and make utter fools of themselves. Why, I heard the other day that he actually goes preaching in the parks on Sundays. What's he want preaching? It's a disgrace on the office."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Will Adams, "you seem to take it to heart. For my part, I don't see any disgrace in that. Why, I go preaching—that is lecturing, though not in the parks. I hope you don't think I'm a disgrace?"

"Well, no, Will," replied Houghton, deferentially—Will's powers of reasoning were a little too much for him to defy them recklessly; he had more than once been argued "off his head," as some one expressed it, by them—"but then you, you see, take up a sensible subject. You are like Weatherby, half a Freethinker. You argue about things you know; but he goes and talks about heaven and angels, and fire and brimstone, as if he'd been to see such impossible things. If he's like some I've heard, I'd bet he'd tell what they're like." And he laughed incontinently at his prodigious wit.

"Upon my word, though," said Will, his handsome face wearing a very serious expression, "I begin to think after all that this Christianity is not all moonshine. It's

a moral certainty, there is a power in it somewhere, and—"

"Yes," broke in Harry, "there's power in it to change Fred Johnson from a jolly, merry, sociable chum into a miserable, long-faced, moping parson. Why, it's a misery to be where he is now. A feller can't use a word his mother smacked him for without getting a black look or a lecture. And then, when he might take a spell, he goes working on like a nigger. Bah! He ought to be shot!"

"But," laughed Adams, "you can't blame a man for going into anything with all his might, instead of half-doing it, can you?"

"No, but that's just what I think is the case with him. He's half doing it, and, between you and me and the post, I believe he's been crawling round Weatherby somehow."

"Then he ought to be black-balled," said Harry savagely.

"And I should be one of the first to black-ball him," said Will, a dangerous light in his eyes, "if that proves to be the case. Anyhow, time will show what he is. But I'm off"—looking at the clock and going to the door. "Coming?"

"Half-a-minute," replied Houghton, who, as Adams, always punctual as the clock itself, disappeared, called for two more halves of bitter beer. After this he and Harry left the tavern, to arrive at the office ten minutes late, as usual.

When the members of a party, as, for instance, in politics, meet together and exchange ideas, they invariably part in a much hotter frame of mind than ever. So it was with these. All bore Johnson a grudge for robbing them of his, at one time, agreeable society; for becoming religious; and for having crept up above them into the position of second clerk. But especially was this the case with Houghton. He was of a vindictive spirit naturally, and when, added to this, we take into consideration the fact that some weeks previously—before his conversion—Johnson had given Houghton a sound thrashing, the quarrel having sprung from a drunken brawl, it must not awaken surprise if the feelings with which the latter regarded the other were vengeful. And these feelings were none the less deadly because he concealed them from all others—almost himself as well. Nor was he sufficiently manly to crush them, instead of allowing them to grow day by day.

This being so with Johnson's fellow-clerks, that young man had a very miserable afternoon on this particular day. Houghton led off with the first shot of chaff, and this example was quickly followed by the others, until Fred's excitable nature could no longer endure it without retorting. This, of course, made matters worse. Still by a great effort, Fred kept his temper down, and this, strange to say, caused that of his assailant to rise. It pleased him to see his cutting jibes enrage his victim, but when the latter assumed a quiet, confident tone, he became savage.

"I suppose," he said, at last, at a loss for something that would go home, "you couldn't do anything wrong now—oh no! of course not, and, consequently, if you were to see others doing wrong you couldn't bear it—you'd have 'em punished, wouldn't you?"

"Suppose, now," pursued Houghton, encouraged by the half-smile on Will's face, "I were to appropriate something of the governor's; wouldn't you feel it your duty, as a good young man, to tell him of so naughty a thing? Come—wouldn't you?"

"Decidedly—it would only be right," answered Fred, thoughtlessly and hotly, little guessing that the other was laying, with consummate cunning, a trap for him, and less, that he had so easily fallen into one.

At this answer Houghton turned with something like triumph to the others. "You hear what he says? He'll round on us if we are not careful."

Before any more could be said, Mr. Watson, the chief clerk and manager, entered—a fact which meant that work was henceforth to be the first object in the office, at least during his presence.

That evening Fred hurried over to Brixton, where dwelt a tender heart that beat fast at the thought of his coming. As these two strolled through one of the by lanes in that sweet suburb, Fred told Minnie of his good fortune, and at once began, after the manner of hopeful youth, building castles in the air.

"And it's through you, dearest, that I have obtained this splendid chance," he said, exultingly. "If God had never brought you to me I should never have been a Christian, and so, certainly, should never have been advanced. Now I can feel at peace and go to work like a man. I felt before as if tied down—nothing seemed certain. I might have got discharged at a moment's notice, seeing what sort of master I have—though, happily, he hasn't, of late, shown such tantrums as I can remember. Still, he might have broken out at any moment—and then, farewell to that bright dream which now, thank God, bids fairest to be realized. Yes, dearest, that best of days shall not now be long in coming—that day when you and I shall be one."

"But, dear," returned Minnie, looking up into his face with loving reproof, "you must not make too sure. God may have some heavy trial in store for you yet, bright as things seem now."

"Then he will give me strength to bear it."

Though Fred spoke thus wisely he did not fully realize what he said. Perhaps this was because he believed that no trial was in store for him. Hope was too strong in his heart to allow any uncomfortable misgivings there. Nevertheless, there was a trial before him—one that would test his Christianity to the utmost. He little thought, as he strolled along, full of brilliant schemings for the days to come, that at that very moment the storm was gathering.

A close observer might the next morning have seen a peculiar smile on Houghton's features when he entered the office. During the forenoon, too, it might have been noted that he gave utterance to several peculiar phrases about "being once more free,"—"getting rid of the incubus," and such like. At the time Fred took no notice of these things, but afterward they came before his mind with all their abominable meaning.

At eleven o'clock to the minute Mr. Watson took his place. As he did he said, gazing hard at Fred, "Mr. Johnson, Mr. Weatherby desires your presence in his office."

"Very good, sir," and Fred rose to go. As he passed Houghton's stool, that worthy whispered, "Don't round on us yet, Johnson. We hav'n't had the luck to find any bank-notes."

For a minute Fred stared at his tormentor like a statue. The words, strengthened as they were by the speaker's evil smile, struck on his ear with the force of a death knell. Then he was gone.

It took but two minutes to get from one office to the other. But those who have experienced some sharp, sudden shock—some sudden revelation, meaning for them something as dreaded as death itself, can guess how much fearful agony can be compressed into that infinitesimal space of time. Such alone can imagine what crowds of thoughts will throng through the brain in that interval, and they only can guess the feelings of Fred Johnson as he went to what seemed his doom. Those few words recalled, in a flash, a day, not long ago, when he was still one with those who now hated him, when, seeing Mr. Weatherby's pocket book on the floor of the office, he had picked it up and, being driven to extremities by betting and drinking and other excesses, had extracted therefrom some bank-notes to the value of twenty pounds. No one knew of this—not even Mr. Weatherby himself, for he had not missed the money, as the pocket-book had been left where it lay. But also in that flash of thought came to Fred the memory of his having, in a moment when drink made him reckless, made a confidant of Houghton in the matter. Till now he had forgotten this, though he would never have believed anyone so utterly cowardly as to inform against him. In that flash, too, came the many promptings he had felt, since being a Christian, to go like a man to Mr. Weatherby, confess what he had done, and undertake, if allowed, to pay back the money. And at the heels of these recalled promptings came, like jeering spectres, his irresolution and fear and procrastination. It was a moment of agony.

What should he do?

The question burned itself into his throbbing brain. There was no reply to it. All he could understand in that horrible moment was that his bright, sweet dream, so lately built up, was to be dashed ruthlessly to the ground. Minnie! How that name cut his heart! Could he take her—could he allow her to take him, with that fearful brand upon his forehead, "thief?" Never! Would he go insane? Would this be too much for him?

But at that instant came a beam of hope. "Where was the proof of his having done this thing? Who could accuse him and bear out the charge with evidence. None. There was no evidence. He had only to deny it, and all was well. Yes! This once—one sin, to save him—could make no difference"—

He did not stop to think further, but opened the door and stood before Mr. Weatherby.

If he had had any doubt about the object of his being sent for, it would have been instantly dispelled by a glance at the merchant's face, which was black as a thunder-cloud.

"Read that, Johnson, and tell me if it is true."

Fred read the short note handed to him. It was addressed to Mr. Weatherby in confidence, and had no signature. The contents did not surprise him at all, as they did but disclose the incident of the pocket-book.

When he had done, the man looked up, tried to gaze into the keen, determined grey eyes of his master with a glance which should be as much like innocent wonder as possible. The denial was formed in his brain. But there the devil's power stopped—his tongue refused to act.

Like a glimpse of a glorious world all but forfeited, came before Fred's mind's eye a vision of the pure and sinless world in which he had elected to live, and he said, with a deep grief, "Lord Jesus, forgive me—help me!"

And there and then he was helped. Like the face of a conqueror new from the victory seemed the face of Fred as he mastered his temptations, and it was with fixed resolve to face everything that he answered, "To my shame, sir, I confess it is too true. I came here with the wish to deny it, but, thank God, he has helped me to be true to him. I became a Christian since I did that, and have often half-resolved to tell you all, but I had made myself poor by excesses, and knew not how to repay the money, which I intended to do. I have suffered more than I can tell, but, if, sir"—he went on, seeing that the other quietly waited for him to finish—"you will forgive me and grant me time I will repay all, and you shall have no cause to regret your mercy."

Mr. Weatherby was a man of few words. When Fred had done speaking he said, the frown on his brow a shade less black, "Go back to your desk, Johnson, and come here to me at this time to-morrow."

If I tried to describe the young man's feelings as he obeyed I should fail. All sense of fear had vanished from his breast, and he instinctively felt that all would be well. He trembled to think of the terrible gulf on the brink of which he had so lately stood; but his heart rose rejoicing at the help that had been given him in his moment of danger, and with this rejoicing came the sweet exultation that follows the Christian's victory in a battle for God and truth.

That day was one of strange looks and whispers on Houghton and Harry's part. Adams seemed to know nothing. But it was a day of comparative peace for Fred; though, like a wounded snake, it dragged its slow length along. But it passed at length; and the next came, bringing Houghton, as well as Fred, before Mr. Weatherby.

"I accept your offer, Johnson," was all he said to that individual. Then, turning to the other, he continued, "You will find another situation, Houghton, in a week. When next you write anonymous letters disguise your hand-writing more effectually. You are both at liberty."

Fred Johnson afterward had the extra delight of knowing that Mr. Weatherby and Will Adams had both been studying him, and, through finding him to be true grit—a genuine epistle of Christ—had learned to read the truth in him, and, what was better, to love it.—*E. J. Axton, in the General Baptist Magazine.*

"I SEE IT!"

In a certain city, a laboring man leaving a saloon saw a costly carriage and pair standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away he said to the dealer: "Whose establishment is that?" "It is mine," replied the dealer, complacently. "It cost $5,000; my wife and daughter cannot do without it." The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, and looked sad; with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by some startling flash, he said:

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" queried the dealer.

"See where for years my wages have gone. I helped pay for that carriage, for those horses and gold mounted harness, for the silks and laces and jewellery for your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and children a home of our own, and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages and those of others like me have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and children shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake and cure for it."

Who else will "see it" and work for themselves and their loved ones, instead of toiling to buy silks for rumsellers' wives and carriages for rumsellers' families?—*Selected.*

SALOON BOYS.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"There goes a saloon boy—just look at him!" a friend said to me while we were walking along the streets of a village in which I was spending a few days.

"Yes, I should have known that he was a saloon boy if you had not told me," I answered, glancing at the boy in question.

He was evidently not more than fourteen years of age, and yet he was smoking a cigar, and appeared more like a rough bar-room man than a boy. His bold, reckless manner at once revealed the fact that he had been a "saloon boy" for some time, for these signs of vice can not all be gained in a day.

"Too bad! He might be a fine boy," my friend observed.

"Saloon influences will ruin any boy," I answered.

Saloon boys will always grow up into saloon men, and these are never honored, respected members of society. Our criminals and drunkards come out of this class. Boys, beware of saloons!

DRINK IN CORK.—A large placard was lately posted in Cork, by friends of temperance there, saying to Irishmen: "While the dark cloud of poverty hangs over many a home in our land, and the pangs of hunger are so keenly felt by the families of those who have no employment, it is well to investigate the cause of this want, and apply a remedy which may be lasting and tend to elevate the people from this unhappy state." This placard reminds the men and women of Ireland that "five thousand pounds ($25,000) every week is spent in Cork alone on drink," and it adds: "Many of you are robbing your pockets, keeping your homes miserable and unhappy, depriving your children of proper clothing, destroying your reputation as citizens, by the habit which has stolen on you of drinking whiskey, porter, and other intoxicating beverages." Of course such a warning cannot ameliorate the pangs of present hunger, but its lesson for the future ought not to be lost.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE ROSY CHEEKS and swollen frame of the wine-bibber or the beer-drinker is no evidence of health. A slight abrasure of the skin has in some cases proved fatal to them, thereby proving that they have poisoned their blood and hastened their own decease. "After having treated more than three thousand cases in the fever hospital of Liverpool, Dr. Macrorie gives it as his opinion that the constant moderate use of stimulating drinks is more injurious than the now and then excessive indulgence in them." "Water," says Dr. Johnson, "is the only fluid which does not possess irritating, or at least stimulating qualities; and in proportion as we rise on the scale of potation, from table-beer to ardent spirits, in the same ratio we educate the stomach and bowels for the state of morbid sensibility, which, in civilized life, will sooner or later supervene."—*League Journal.*

APPLES, GRAPES, AND GRAIN.

Eat them and you'll find them good,
Nothing better for your food;
Drink them and you'll poison find
For the body and the mind.

Eat them, you'll be well and strong,
Happy as the day is long;
Drink them, soon with footsteps slow
Staggering on your way you'll go.

Come then, friends, come one, come all,
Listen to our temperance call,
Pure cold water ever'll be
The best drink for you and me.

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES.

BY MISS E. R. SCOVIL,

Of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

When an accident happens there is too often valuable time lost in frantic rushing hither and thither, or in hasty application of unsuitable remedies that do more harm than good. A little self-possession, and the exercise of a certain amount of common sense, will enable one to be of the greatest use at such times and perhaps even the means of saving life itself.

Every household should have a store of simple remedies, and also antidotes for some of the more common kinds of poisons.

In very severe cases of burns or scalds the nervous system is so prostrated by the shock that there is often less suffering than when the injury is slighter. The pulse will be small and quick, and a stimulant should be administered without waiting for the doctor. The whole theory of dressing is to exclude the air. The more effectually this is done the greater will be the relief afforded. When only a small surface is injured, an artificial skin may be formed with flexible collodion; or if that is not at hand common mucilage or gum arabic dissolved in warm water will answer. As one layer dries another should be painted over it.

Carron oil is an excellent remedy. It is a mixture of lime water and sweet or linseed oil in equal parts. It is said to derive its name from a town in England, the seat of large iron works, where its virtues were first discovered and where there was ample opportunity to test its merits.

The honor of introducing ether to the world as an anæsthetic belongs, in part at least, to a Boston dentist, and it was one of the same fraternity who discovered the efficacy of bi-carbonate of soda in the treatment of burns and scalds. It is related that in order to demonstrate its good effects he suffered a stream of boiling water to be poured on his wrist, then applied the soda, and in a miraculously short space of time every trace of soreness had disappeared.

The common kind used for cooking purposes may be employed. A thick layer should be spread over the part and covered with a light wet bandage, keeping it moist and renewing it when necessary.

When the clothing takes fire it is well if the victim have presence of mind to stand perfectly still. Motion fans the flame and causes it to burn more quickly. He may throw himself on the floor and roll over and over, but never move from place to place seeking help. A woollen shawl, piece of carpet, or rug, may be wrapped tightly around the person, not covering the face, and if there is time to wet it so much the better, but there is not an instant to lose, particularly if the clothing is of cotton. The great object is to prevent the flames from getting down the throat and the chest from being burned.

In a severe cut on the finger, when the flow of blood renders dressing it a matter of difficulty, it may be checked by tying a string tightly around the base of the finger. It must then be washed in cold water and the cut can be dressed at leisure with diachylon or court plaster, and the string removed.

Bleeding from the nose may be stopped by lying flat on the back, with the head raised, and the hands held above it. The nose must be covered with a cloth filled with pounded ice, or wrung out of ice water. The head should never be held over a basin, as the position encourages bleeding. The blood may be received in a wet sponge.

In hemorrhage from the lungs the head and shoulders must be raised. Some physicians recommend a tablespoonful of table salt to be given in a tumbler of water. It is always safe to give cracked ice.

Bleeding from the stomach may be checked by the application of a mustard plaster over the stomach; cracked ice should be given and the doctor sent for.

In bleeding from wounds or recent amputation there are three things that may be done:

First, press the finger or the hand over the bleeding point.

Second, press on the main artery supplying the wound, or, if this cannot be found, apply a bandage as tightly as possible above the wound. An excellent tourniquet may be improvised by knotting a handkerchief loosely around the limb, thrusting a short stick through it and twisting it tight.

The blood from an artery is bright red and comes in spurts with each beat of the heart, while that from the veins is a dark purplish color and flows in a steady stream. When the bleeding is from an artery the pressure should be applied between the wound and the heart, when from a vein the limb must be compressed beyond the wound.

Third, raise the part above the rest of the body, and support it on pillows. It should be bathed in ice water and have ice wrapped in cotton cloths laid on it.

If faintness ensues the sufferer should not be immediately roused, as this is nature's remedy and acts by lessening the force and activity of the circulation.

A physician should be called in as soon as possible.—*Christian Union.*

SOMETHING ABOUT MILK.

Every known substance is capable, in a greater or less degree, of both diffusing and imbibing effluvia or vaporous compounds which are often beyond the reach of any chemical estimation. These become known to us, if at all, through the sense of smell, and only subsequently by their action on surrounding matters. Probably but few persons outside the scientific world would be prepared to hear that it would be next to impossible to devise a compound liquid more susceptible to effluvial influences than fresh milk.

Imbued at its outset with a slight and agreeable effluvium of its own, it possesses every condition of structure favorable to the reception and retention of every volatile matter approaching it. Most persons are aware of the affinity of all oily matters for odoriferous principles of any kind, and to such as are acquainted with the composition of milk, an illustration of daily occurrence cannot seem overdrawn. A can of milk is received into the house in the evening, and according to a tradition, commendable as far as it goes, is at once poured into a clean earthenware jug; there is no cover, perhaps, but the vessel is clean. This is stood, say on a stone shelf in the larder, to keep cool and free from taint. Its companions there are a joint or two of cold meat (in its gravy), a few unfinished tarts and blancmanges, a large bowl of scrap-bread (with incipient fungoid growth), a couple of dozen of eggs (not all fresh); underneath, the cheese; overhead, a jar of onions in pickle; in the near distance a few head of game in an advanced stage of—well, "keeping," and last, but not least, a closed window. Now, what is the "action" hereupon? A thousand to one, the temperature of the milk is, when received, different to that of the air in the larder (whether higher or lower). Immediately that comes to rest, the surface next the air becomes warmed or cooled as the case may be, and by giving place to other portions, sets up a series of gentle currents, by means of which every part of the fluid is successively brought into contact with the air, and its countless crowds of butter-corpuscles, containing fatty matter in a high state of sub-division, are enabled to expose the greatest possible extent of surface. Now it is scarcely the fault of that milk if in ten hours' time it has failed to lay by at least a trace of every shade of effluvium which has had a chance of circulating near it. And yet when the pardonable nastiness of the milk is commented upon at breakfast, there will not be found wanting some one to exclaim, "What can those people feed their cows on?"

Is it necessary to follow the case further? into the nursery or sleeping-room, for example, where the half-breathed air, kept in active movement by the human lungs, and laden with suspended moisture condensing carbonic acid from every direction, heightens even further still the conditions of contamination, while the temperature is such as to place the unfortunate milk upon the very tender-hooks of absorptiveness. Indeed, one must repeat that a plan could scarcely be devised, short of actually pouring in acetic acid, to communicate the taint of sourness with such absolute certainty and rapidity.

In every grievance, therefore, that arises on the score of bad or tainted milk, let us at least learn to distrust the last place it has been in rather than the first; and ask ourselves whether it is not possible that a substance which has already gone so far out of its way to serve us may not have been finally "put upon" in a manner for which our own end of the transaction is alone responsible. Let it be borne in mind that our own care of the milk we purchase is more important than that which precedes it, for two obvious reasons—first, that we receive it at a late period of its life, when it has already suffered from previous ill-usage, and is therefore more susceptible of injury; and secondly, that we receive it in small quantities, and thereby expose a proportionately larger surface to contamination.—*Nature.*

REST AND SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Youth is characterized by activity, rapid growth, rapid changes and development of tissues, rather than by strength and power of endurance. Like the sapling, vigorous and thrifty, yet easily broken, the young lack consolidation, real and reliable stamina, from which fact they easily yield to the attacks of disease. No better proof of this can or need be adduced than the fact that about one-half of the human race, "under favorable circumstances," or what should be regarded as such, die before reaching the age of five years!

Among the many causes of this prodigal waste of vital force and life of the young, are a want of sufficient rest and sleep, particularly among the younger girls. This follows from the strong tendency of the age to "drive," though to do so it is needful to "work on nerve," to stimulate, to goad the nervous system by irritants—as strong tea, coffee, etc.—till twice the proper amount of labor can be performed for a short period, to be followed, as penalty, by "nervous prostration"—by what we call sickness, instead of penalty. A certain amount of work is fixed upon, the clock watched, every power aroused, the whole household kept in excitement, help and children commanded, urged, pushed, scolded, driven, till the deed is done. Such drivers need an abundance of sleep, they and their children, and yet too many of them seem to regard the time spent in rest and recreation, in sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," as wasted, spent in idleness—almost a sin. There is but little, if any, danger from too much sleep, and that little is by no means of a dangerous character. It is possible that the weary may become still more so by sleeping more than is needful, while too little sleep is one source of many forms of fatal diseases. It is safe for the young to imitate the example of the fowls, securing as much sleep as possible during the hours of darkness. And that such sleep may be refreshing and invigorating it is needful that no heavy supper or unpleasant recollections shall destroy the profoundness of such sleep. The last meal should be the lightest of the day, and taken at least two hours before retiring. "Early to bed," is all well, but Franklin's idea about early rising may have had in it more of the financial than the philosophical.

Such children will awake as soon as sufficient sleep has been secured, at which time it is safe to arise instead of taking another "nap," which, by the force of habit, may lead to needless sleep. The well-rested children will ordinarily awake cheerful and happy, if allowed to follow nature. If, on the contrary, they are aroused by the driving mother, and are peevish, cross and hateful for two or three hours, no better evidence is needed that they have not sleep enough. Ordinarily nature will regulate this matter if allowed to do so, by an increased drowsiness in the day when the sleep is insufficient. I repeat, let children sleep till they awake good-natured and playful.—*Watchman.*

DANGEROUS LIQUIDS.—Ammonia, especially the stronger kinds, is dangerous, a few drops being enough to injure a person. When used for cleansing purposes it should be handled with great care, that the gas, which is given off freely in a warm room, be not breathed in large quantities, and do injury to the delicate lining of the nose and mouth. Benzine is a liquid, in the handling of which much caution should be exercised. It is very volatile, and its vapor, as well as the liquid itself, inflammable. When employed for removing grease, or other stains, from clothing, gloves, &c., it should never be used at night, nor at any other time near the fire. Ether is another dangerous liquid, and in other than the physician's hands it ad best not be employed in the household. Alcohol must also be used with great care, especially at night.—*Agriculturist.*

DOMESTIC.

STOCK FOR SOUP.

The best French cooks give six rules to be observed in making every kind of "bouillon," or stock.

1st. Fresh and wholesome meat.

2nd. Earthen or stoneware vessels instead of metal, as they require less fuel to keep the contents at a proper heat and are more easily kept sweet and clean.

3rd. As much liquid as will double the weight of the meat used.

4th. Sufficient salt to hasten the separation of the scum from the stock.

5th. Enough heat, at first, to keep the liquor at boiling point until all the scum has risen and been taken off.

6th. After all the scum is disposed of, lower the heat, but keep it at an equal state, just simmering all the time.

On a first trial it is well to weigh the water and the meat. Then when once the weight is found see how much liquid it takes to make a pound. Jot it down in the kitchen note-book and ever after measure instead of weighing. It will be less trouble.

CHEESE-STRAWS.—Grate two ounces of Parmesan into a bowl. Mix with this a pinch of salt, a little cayenne, and two ounces of flour, and rub two ounces of butter into the mixture. Make the ingredients into a stiff paste with the yolk of one egg. Flour the pastry board and the rolling pin, and roll the pastry out rather thinly, till it is about half a quarter of an inch thick. As the straws are to be about five inches long, it will be well to roll the pastry to this width. Cut the pastry into fingers half a quarter of an inch wide; lift them carefully, one by one, upon a buttered baking sheet, and bake them in a hot oven. When they are a pale brown color they are done enough; they will take about ten minutes. Sometimes small rings about the size of a penny-piece are cut out of the paste, and six or eight straws are put through each of these, in imitation of a bundle of sticks; or the straws are served piled on a dish in transverse rows. They are eaten cold. If put away in a tin, they will keep awhile.

CROUSTADES.—They may be made some day when cook has been making pastry, and has a few trimmings left. The pastry should be good, and should be rolled out very thin, after which small patty-pans or moulds should be lined with it. Grate two ounces of Parmesan into a basin, and mix with it an ounce of warmed (but not oiled) butter, the yolks of two and the white of one egg, a salt-spoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne. Cayenne should always be used with preparations of cheese. If the eggs are small three yolks will be required instead of two. Put a small spoonful of the mixture into the lined moulds, and bake the croustades in a moderately heated oven. When they are set and the pastry is lightly colored they are done enough. Their appearance will be improved if a single sprig of fried parsley is put on the top of each, and grated cheese sprinkled over that.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one-half cup milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking-powder. Bake in thin layers. For paste, the whites of two eggs, one cup powdered sugar, beaten together. Spread a layer of the icing on the cake and strew it thickly with cocoanut, grated and sugared, place another cake on that and proceed as before, putting only the icing on the top of the cake, or, if you prefer, sprinkle with powdered sugar.

LEMON CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one pound butter stirred to a cream, eight eggs beaten separately, juice of one lemon and grated rind of two, the yellow only, one pound flour, sifted gradually. This makes two cakes and is very good.

LEMON TARTS.—Mix together the juice and grated rind of two large lemons, half pound powdered loaf sugar, two eggs well-beaten, two-thirds cup crumbs of sponge cake; line your pans with paste, fill and bake.

THE CAVE OF PAN.

A TALE OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

For some distance the two men, so different in position, yet between whom the faith in Christ had woven a bond of union not easily to be understood in these days, rode on in silence. Both of them were thinking sadly about the condition of the Christians of those times; for already, in addition to the perils from the heathen, they were in peril from false brethren; yet, though sometimes cast down and disheartened by the trials which surrounded them, they were strengthened by faith to see beyond the cloud.

At length, Marcus said, "Here, most noble Astyrius, we must leave the horses and slaves, for the bridle-path ceases, and I can conduct you by a short, though somewhat rough path, to the spot where I believe my master to be. It is close upon dawn, and we shall lose no time in waiting here for the sunrise."

The party halted, therefore. It was becoming exceedingly cold as they drew near to the snowy summit of Hermon.

"Stand awhile if you will, noble Roman," said the servant, as he drew the stranger toward a point of rock which somewhat projected from the cone-shaped mountain; "from hence you catch the first gleam of sunrise in the Holy Land."

"Nay, but surely thou art mistaken, Marcus," replied Astyrius; "As I stand now, according to the stars I have my back turned to the east, and am looking toward the north-west."

"Even so it is, most wise Astyrius; yet sometimes the light comes from the quarter whence we expect it least; and so will it be now if you will but believe me. Yet look not down on it, but rather raise your eyes heavenward, whence the light must come."

Astyrius easily perceived that, as is often the case in Eastern minds, Marcus's words concealed a parable; yet he did as he was bidden.

The moon had long sunk; the stars were paling in the sky; a solemn silence brooded over the mountain. The two men stood gazing upward.

Suddenly, as if from the heaven itself, shot up a glorious, dazzling, almost blinding light. It was the token of the fast-dawning day. Astyrius turned rapidly from the beautiful sight eastward. The country below lay still wrapped in gloom, and although behind the distant mountains of Moab a streak of light showed what was about to happen, it was a minute or two before the sun leapt up like a giant refreshed in strength. The Roman turned to the north-west; there towered the summit of Hermon, well called "the glitterer" and "the elevated one." On its snowy top, as in a looking-glass, the first sun was always reflected even before it appeared above the ordinary horizon.

Once more Astyrius turned eastward, and would have looked over the country which lay mapped at his feet, but Marcus spoke,—

"Be not angry, noble senator, if I say that we should go on and find my master; so far we have but travelled along the side of the mountain; we have still an hour's journey upward ere we can meet him, and I fear, if we hasten not, we may miss him."

Unwilling though he was to leave the beautiful sight, so full of dear associations to him, the Roman could not but see the wisdom of the advice given. With a few parting words to the slaves, who were to take the horses to the fortress, the two Christians struck into a mountain path and soon disappeared from sight.

CHAP. IV.—SYRIAN BEARS.

The sun had scarcely risen when its warmth began to feel grateful to the two travellers, who had been thoroughly damped with the heavy dew, which falls as plentifully even now on the hill of Hermon as in the days of King David. Astyrius began to think that it would not be unpleasant to break his fast; he was also looking forward to meeting his old friend, whom he had not seen for nine years. The friendship had been formed very soon after Lucius had lost his wife Aspasia, who had died at the birth of little Rufus. With her last breath she had confessed herself a Christian, and had begged her husband to enquire into the truths of the Christian religion. In the first burst of his grief at the loss of a wife whom he loved so dearly, Lucius had obeyed her wishes, and had almost made up his mind to become a catechumen, or candidate for baptism, when he had been ordered into Libya.

Hastily sending Veronica with the three children to a villa which he had at some distance from Rome, the Centurion with his hundred men had crossed the Mediterranean, and for two years was separated from his family. During that time he still prayed and sought earnestly for light, and it had been his example which had won Astyrius over to the true faith.

But, alas! when Lucius returned to Rome a sudden temptation seized him. An uncle of his had heard rumors of his intended baptism, and had obtained his sudden banishment, as it might have been considered, into so distant a province as Libya, in the hope that separation from Christian friends might wean him from the new doctrines which he thought only fit for the poor and ignorant; but finding his plan had not answered he sent for Lucius, and told him plainly that he was about to make his will, but had so worded it that in case of his nephew's forsaking the faith of his fathers, and thus bringing disgrace on the family, he would no longer be his heir, and the property should go to a cousin.

The temptation met Lucius at his weakest point; position, popularity, and riches, these all lay before him, and he resisted in his own strength, and failed. He tried to conceal the sin of his act from himself by reminding himself that, as an officer of the Roman Empire, he was bound to obey the Emperor; that there was no sin in accompanying his uncle, and sprinkling incense on an altar sacred to Cæsar, justifying himself by the thought that it was to the Emperor as man he was doing homage.

But his conscience would not let him rest quietly. He could not bear the sight of his children growing up in Paganism, against the wishes of their mother. Often at night he dreamt he saw the dead Aspasia by his bedside, beckoning to him with a sad and reproachful face; from such dreams he would wake up full of contrition and fear, almost resolved to play the man and forsake everything for Christ's sake, yet held by his worldly fears from resigning himself to do and to suffer for the name of Christ.

He and his men had spent the night in hunting for the bears, but they had killed only one; at length it was decided to halt and break their fast, and then to seek

THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE BEAR.

for the bears in the caves with which the mountain abounds.

Whilst his men were busied in striving to make a fire Lucius wandered restlessly away. He was forever trying to escape the voice of his own conscience, which left him no peace. Buried in gloomy thoughts he had gone quite out of sight of his men, when he saw before him the opening into a cave which he had never before noticed. Without thinking of the danger, and trusting to the well-known peaceable and almost cowardly nature of the Syrian bear, supposing there should be one in this retreat, he entered without even drawing his sword. But events prove that discretion is the better part of valor; he had hardly got under the shadow of the cliff, when with a roar its inhabitant—a great she-bear—rushed upon him. He defended himself as best he could with his sheathed sword; there was, however, but little chance for him by himself, and his soldiers were beyond earshot.

He shouted with all his might, and the long, narrow cave soon echoed with the sounds of the struggle. To the Centurion's dismay, a second bear rushed forward to the support of the first. At the same moment, to his utter amazement and surprise, Astyrius and Marcus, who, hearing the tumult, had hurried up, rushed in. Happily the Roman had thrown off his damp cloak, and with his drawn sword he hastened to his friend's assistance. Marcus, too, drew a dagger from his belt, and they arrived just in time to save Lucius' life, though it was not till after a sharp conflict that the bears were slain.

"Thank the gods you have come, noble friend!" said Lucius. "Hereby have we settled our counts over the Libyan lion; or, rather, I am still thy debtor."

"Say, rather, thank the true God," said Astyrius, boldly; "since those you name are no gods."

"Nay, my gods are those of the Emperor whom I serve," said Lucius. "When he becomes Christian, then will I do the same."

"And will that satisfy your Heavenly King?" asked Astyrius.

"I acknowledge no king but Cæsar!" replied the Roman, boldly.

At the same moment a deep, low roar was heard: and from the depths of the long cavern sprang forth another bear, which flung Lucius to the ground, unprepared as he was for this fresh attack. Astyrius and Marcus, shouting loudly in the hopes the soldiers might hear, rushed again to his assistance.

CHAP. V.—IN DANGER

The shout which Marcus gave was quickly responded to by a middle-aged man, who came hurrying forward at the noise. He bore a heavy club in his hand, and though the three men were at a great disadvantage in the narrow cave, especially as they were much hampered with the difficulty of avoiding treading upon Lucius, they contrived to drive the bear back into the cavern.

The fierce animal was not daunted by the numbers opposed to her. Mild by nature, yet in defence of her offspring, or if deprived of them, the Syrian bear becomes furious, and so she was now. The cavern echoed with the sounds of men's shouts and the roaring of the great brown animal; but at length, after not a few serious wounds, the hunters got near enough to kill the poor mother, and, leaving Marcus to watch by his master, Astyrius and the peasant who had come to the rescue contrived to light a torch which they made out of some pine wood which lay at the mouth of the cave, and set forth to explore its recesses, fearing lest they might be again surprised by another beast; their fears were, however, groundless, but they discovered the secret of the fierceness of their assailants, for in two different corners they found litters of cubs, already a good size, which the hunters did not hesitate to destroy, as they would soon have become formidable.

On returning to the Centurion, they found him still senseless, and so much injured that they were obliged to send for the soldiers and make a litter on which to carry him home.

In the meantime the old man was busy collecting the spoils of the chase, and Astyrius was too anxious about his friend either to remonstrate or even to notice what he was doing. When Marcus returned he was more mercenary, for the skins and gall of the bear are much valued in the East. When the servant learnt that Pudens was collecting both the skins and the *bon-ed-dub*, as it is called, and that to this fact they owed his happy arrival, he withdrew his claim for anything but the two bears actually slain by themselves. It was no time for haggling, for it seemed very doubtful whether Lucius would live to get home, so they put him as comfortably as they could on the litter, which they softened with the newly-acquired bear-skins, and started, leaving old Pudens to appropriate the contents of the cave. Evidently he thought this a more perilous task than profitable; there was, indeed, the fear that a fourth bear might appear, and if so, bereaved of its cubs, it would have been a dangerous enemy. Pudens therefore shouldered the skins of the young bears, and prepared to follow the party to Pannium.

* * * * *

It was six weeks later in the year, and the vines were beginning to ripen, when one evening Astyrius sat with the three children on the parapet of the garden, looking westward. They were listening to him with breathless attention as he talked; Persis was partly leaning against the wall, the younger ones sat on the grass, but from time to time they rose and looked at various points spoken of by the stranger.

He was telling them that old, old story, so old to us that there is danger lest we should get to think lightly of it as a tale which has grown too familiar to our ears—of Him who for three-and-thirty years dwelt a man amongst men, though He Himself was God. And from the parapet he could show them in the distance the cluster of mountains which surround the home of our Lord's childhood, "as the leaves of a rose surround the calyx,"—the lake of Gennesaret and the town of Capernaum, where He dwelt after he was cast out from Nazareth.

It was to them a soul-entrancing story, which they felt they should never weary of hearing; and though the old nurse looked askance at the stranger, who seemed to be leading her nurslings apart from the heathen world, she could do nothing, for Lucius was an altered man since his second narrow escape; coming as it did just after his presumptuous words and wilful disregard of his friend's warning, it had seemed a direct warning from God Himself, and when at last he became conscious he was as eager to know the things belonging to his salvation as he had been disregardful of them.

(To be continued.)

THE WOUNDED CENTURION.

HONOR thy father and mother.

The Family Circle.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do
What he will;
Just to know that he is true,
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth;
Just to trust him,—this is all.
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, and whate'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let him speak to thee
Through his Word;
Watching that his voice may be
Clearly heard;
Just to tell him everything,
As it rises;
And at once to him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you can not miss his voice.—
This is all! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

—Calcutta Paper.

THE TWO CLERKS.

In Market Square, in the pleasant city of Merryport, was a crockery store, over the door of which was a black sign bearing in gilt letters the name of Benjamin Hudson. For many years this crockery store had been there, with the great pitcher hanging in front for a sign; indeed, when Mr. Hudson first opened the stores some forty years previously, he was quite a young man, and the sign over his door was bright and handsome; but now his eyes had grown dim, and the owner was called "Old Hudson" by all the boys and girls of the city.

Mr. Benjamin Hudson had grown rich in his business, for he had conducted it all himself, and taken care that nothing should be wasted or lost by neglect. He had made mistakes, to be sure, as every man will make some blunders during a lifetime, but by skilful management he quickly recovered from them. Sixty-five years had begun to bend over Mr. Hudson's shoulders and dim the brightness of his eye, and he found business more irksome than it formerly had been.

"I must have a partner," said he one day to himself as he sat before a cheerful fire. "I must have some one interested in the business who is young and active, and will take the weight off my shoulders, for I do not care to do as much as I used to."

Now, in Mr. Hudson's employ were two young men—Herbert Bond and Charles Sehmour. They had been with him an equal length of time, and had performed their duties faithfully and well. Charles did his work quickly, and had a smart way about him that made people think him greatly superior to Herbert, who had a more quiet demeanor and accomplished quite as much without making a great stir about it.

"I must have Herbert or Charles for a partner," soliloquized Mr. Hudson; "on which can I decide? They both do very well in the store, but I ought to know something of them out of the store, and I am sorry to say that is a point I have never paid proper attention to. My clerks come here in the morning and go away at night; what becomes of them over night, I know not, and yet I ought to know. Neither of them have parents in the city; they live in some of the numerous boarding-houses, and I hope are steady and well behaved. I must see them in their homes, and then decide which shall be my partner.

The next day Mr. Hudson ascertained the boarding-house of his clerks, without letting them know for what purpose, and after supper that evening his wife and daughters were somewhat astonished to see him go to the hall and put on his coat and hat.

"Where are you going, papa?" asked Lily, the youngest daughter, who could hardly remember the evening when her father had not remained at home.

"I am going to make a call, Lily, on two young men of my acquaintance; I shall not be long gone," replied Mr. Hudson, and bidding them good-by, immediately started out.

Herbert's boarding-house was the nearer of the two, and here Mr. Hudson stopped first.

It was a neat-looking house, in a very pleasant street. Mrs. Buntin, the landlady, opened the door when Mr. Hudson rang.

"Does a young man named Herbert Bond board here?"

"He does. Walk in, sir, and I will call him," replied the woman.

"I will go to his room, if you will show me where it is," answered Mr. Hudson; "I presume he is in it?"

"I think so; he is seldom out in the evening. You can step up there if you like, sir; go up two flights, and the first door to the right is the one," replied Mrs. Buntin.

Mr. Hudson puffed up the stairs and knocked with his cane at the designated door. It was opened by Herbert, who looked very much amazed when he saw his employer, and said:

"Why, Mr. Hudson, is anything the matter in the store? Nothing happened out of the way, I hope?"

"No—nothing—nothing at all," said Mr. Hudson, walking in and taking a chair, "I took a notion to call around and see how you were this evening."

Bond expressed himself very glad to see his employer, and while he took his hat and cane, Mr. Hudson glanced around the room.

It was an attic room, with dormer windows; a good fire was burning in an open grate; a book-rack filled with books adorned one side of the room, and the centre of the floor was occupied by a table on which were writing materials.

"You look very cosy here, Herbert; but why do you have an attic room? Are there none you can have below stairs?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but this is a dollar a week cheaper, and I have all the more money to send to my father," replied Herbert.

"Isn't your father well off?" enquired Mr. Hudson.

"Not very, sir; he used to be pretty rich, but his business was disastrous, and he lost a good deal of money," said Bond.

"What do you find to do evenings? Does not time hang very heavy?"

"Oh, no, sir! I have books to read and letters to write. To-night I am writing home; they want me to make them a visit, but I write that it is a pretty busy time just now, but when it is over I shall ask you for a few days of absence," answered Herbert.

"You shall have it willingly," said Mr. Hudson, and then he added: "Are you contented to live in this boarding-house?"

"It is a very good boarding-house, and Mrs. Buntin is very kind; but I have often wished that I could live at home," answered Herbert.

"And why can't you? How far is it from here?" asked his employer.

"Twenty-five miles, sir: rather far to travel every day, and then I can't afford the expense," was Herbert's reply.

"What time could you reach the store in the morning?"

"At half-past eight, sir."

"And you would have to leave at what hour in the afternoon?"

"At about half-past five, sir."

"Not very bad hours for the business. Perhaps it can be arranged so that you can live at home, Herbert.

"Oh, I should like it so much if I could. I am so homesick here in the city!" was the clerk's reply.

"Well, I'll look into the matter, Herbert. It seems a pity that one who is so fond of his home can't live there, in these times of railways and fast travelling," said Mr. Hudson, as he arose to depart. Herbert thanked him for his visit, and said it would please him to have Mr. Hudson call again.

The old gentleman descended the stairs well satisfied with the call, and said to himself:

"Now for Charles Sehmour. I hope I shall find him as well occupied as Herbert Bond."

The boarding-house was reached, the bell rang, and Mr. Hudson was admitted. The servant said Sehmour was in, and ushered him to the chamber door. Mr. Hudson knocked, and the door immediately swung wide open, and a voice exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, got along at last, have you? We're all ready for you; have got the—" Charles Sehmour stopped here, and his face turned suddenly pale at seeing, instead of one of his boon companions, his venerable employer. It was several seconds before he could recover his speech. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hudson; you must excuse me. I expected a friend this evening, and in the dim light of the entry I thought you were he. Walk in, sir, and sit down."

Mr. Hudson entered the room, and was somewhat surprised to see three young men who had insulted him on the street; they were smoking cigars, and had their feet elevated on the bureau, mantel-piece, and bedstead. Mr. Hudson saw at once that he was in confusion, and Sehmour's actions were painful and awkward. Nevertheless his employer started a conversation, and had been there but a few minutes when a footstep was heard on the stairs; the door opened a little, and a bottle of champagne came rolling across the floor, followed by a round Dutch cheese, a bunch of cigars, and two more bottles. Sehmour looked dreadfully distressed, but could do nothing. It was a fourth friend, who had been out after refreshments, and took this facetious mode of introducing them into the chamber. Mr. Hudson thought it was time for him to go, so he took his leave and returned to his home.

Mr. Hudson was not long making up his mind as to which one of his clerks would make the most faithful and efficient partner, and in less than a week it was announced in the papers that Herbert Bond was a member of the firm of Benjamin Hudson & Co. It was a happy day for Herbert, and it was not many years before he managed the whole business himself; and he became a wealthy man.

Charles Sehmour knew very well the reason of Mr. Hudson's choice, and he had always reason to regret having formed such unprofitable acquaintances as were assembled in his room that unlucky night.—*William L. Williams, in Exchange.*

A SKETCH FOR BOYS.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Young Charles Marshall was spending the summer vacation with his college chum, Fred Davenport. The Marshalls, who lived in an adjoining State, were people in quite moderate circumstances, and Charles had been brought up to practise a pretty strict economy. The elegant living and lavish hospitality he found at the fine Davenport residence was a striking novelty to him.

He enjoyed it all exceedingly, and was greatly flattered by the polite and considerate attention he received, although he did not approve of some of the ways of the household, which were unfamiliar to him. Sometimes he would indulge in satirical comments, which he doubtless thought to be very smart, but which were, in reality, unbecoming and rude.

One damp, rainy day, Miss Margaret, his chum's sister, stood by the open library fire cutting into narrow strips a letter she had that morning received and had just read. She then deftly twisted them into paper-lighters, placing them one by one as they were finished into a quaint old green porcelain jar that stood on the carved mantel.

Young Marshall at the time was lounging in an easy chair near by, watching the fair girl with an amused look as she rapidly wound the dainty spirals. At length he spoke up in a sarcastic tone of voice, "What queer ideas of economy you people seem to have. Now, when matches cost less than two cents a hundred, I am unable to appreciate the economy of saving them by devoting valuable time in making paper-lighters."

"I thought I had explained to you once," and Miss Margaret laughed pleasantly, "that we do not use paper-lighters as a matter of economy at all, although the fact that they save matches is not to be lost sight of. It is a matter of taste entirely. The smoke of a lucifer match of any kind, even parlor matches, is disagreeable and is almost sure to set some of us off coughing or sneezing."

"Well, it strikes me as a decidedly objectionable way of treating the missives of one's correspondence," went on the young caviller presently. "Rather of an unfriendly 'cut' I should say."

"I fancy I am the best judge of what disposal I make of my correspondence," replied Miss Margaret, with some spirit. "All important letters I preserve, of course, but mere chatty notes from my school friends accumulate so fast that I think it is best to make way with them. Now, Ida Stanly, who affects this pink stationery, does no object at all to my using her letters to brighten my jar of paper-lighters. Just look. Is not the shade lovely?"

One morning, two or three days later, the young man handed Miss Margaret a roll of music which he had volunteered to copy for her. "I have had no end of difficulty over it," said he as he glanced impatiently out of the window. "I upset my inkstand in my writing desk, and so completely daubed over a letter I had just finished, that I was obliged to copy it. And at length in order to be in season to take a drive with your brother at the hour appointed, I was compelled to hurry this music. It presents a much less neat appearance than I wish it did."

The span of horses were now at the door, and the young man left the room, drawing on his gloves as he departed. He had been gone a few moments when Miss Margaret proceeded to look over the manuscript music. Lying between the sheets in full view was one page of young Marshall's blotted letter he had referred to. At the first glance she saw her own name, and before she was really aware that the blotted paper had evidently been placed in the roll by mistake, she had read:

"This is a rare old place to visit, I assure you. The Davenports spend money as if it grew on bushes, and yet they use 'paper-lighters' to save matches, and fancy themselves to be very economical, as we have to be at home. By the way, I suspect Miss Margaret is more than half in love with me. She refused to pay a visit at the home of her very intimate friend, Ida Stanly, while I was here. How do I know this to be a fact, ask you, brother Tom? Why, thanks to those same 'paper-lighters.' This Ida Stanly's letter had been cut into strips, rolled up and placed in the economical porcelain jar over the mantel in the library. I just abstracted them from their receptacle, carefully unrolled them, matched the strips and so possessed myself of a pretty array of girlish secrets. Oh, this is a jolly place to visit, and one small economy is much better than all economy at home; so I don't know but I had better make love to Margaret, although—"

Miss Margaret was very indignant, of course, but she quietly dropped the blotted sheet of paper into the grate and mentioned the matter to no one at the time. She treated her brother's college friend and chum with her habitual courtesy, until the vacation was ended and the two young men had left the Davenport residence for college.

It was a great puzzle to Charles Marshall why he was never again invited to visit the Davenports, and why Miss Margaret answered a letter he wrote to her, soon after he arrived at college, only by a brief and somewhat curt message to him in a letter to her brother. About the same time he was astonished to find, as he entered his room one evening, that his old friend, Fred Davenport, had taken his books, pictures, and his part of the furniture, to another room to share them with a new chum. Both the young men subsequently graduated, and for a long time Charles Marshall's path in life was unknown to the Davenports.

The other day on reading in the morning newspaper that Charles Marshall, a business man in ——, had betrayed an important trust, Miss Margaret, now Mrs. Dr. Lawrence, said, "I am not at all surprised. Any young man with so little sense of honor as to abuse the sacred rites of hospitality as he did at our home, could not be expected to prove true in any position," and then for the first time she told this story.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

POLITENESS AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.

A writer in the New York *Christian Intelligencer* says: In one direction we are conscious that we fail, and would like to call attention to this one link in the chain, which weakens so much that would otherwise be strong. There is too little regard paid to the manners of our young people. Parents take care to cultivate the minds of their children, and it is right they should. Nowhere can be found more intelligent young people than in America. Christian mothers and fathers cultivate the heart and the conscience of their little ones, and nowhere could we find the members of the family circle more upright and conscientious; but it has come also to be generally noticed that nowhere else is there so little respect shown by childre to

those older than themselves. To speak plainly, there is great room for improvement in the manners of our young people. It is not so much their fault as the fault of their parents. There is seemingly so little pains taken to correct them, that I have sometimes wondered if parents were conscious of this deficiency.

How much it would improve these young masters and young misses, if in addition to their precious knowledge on general subjects, they had the urbanity and courteous manners to correspond! How charming they would be, if they were less careless or forgetful of the ordinary requirements of politeness!

For instance—you being, let us say, an elderly lady, are riding in the street cars beside a young miss in her teens; as you leave the car together, does she step back and allow you to pass out before her? Does she wait a moment at the step and assist you to alight? If the little miss has done this, have you not remarked it as being something unusual? On entering the church together, does the young girl who occupies the pew next yours, allow you to walk up the aisle in advance of her? Does the lad who reaches the vestibule of the church at the same time with you, hold open the door for you to pass in? Do not the boys rush in from school, during your call upon their mamma, with their hats on; and not until they are severally called upon, remove them and notice your presence?

Do the girls find it necessary to give you more than a curt nod of recognition when you meet them, and then do they not continue the loud conversation with their schoolmates, as if they were the parties to whom respect should be paid, and not the ladies who are only mamma's visitors?

My sweet young friend, do you always take the most comfortable rocking-chair until mother or father ask you to give it up? And, that day in the street car, you looked so delicate that an elderly gentleman rose up and offered you his seat—and, when the place next you became vacant, you beckoned the young gentleman with whom you had been chatting to take the empty seat, the act was hardly a recognition of the politeness of the kind-hearted old gentleman, was it?

When two or three young ladies meet in an omnibus, they do not find it necessary to lower their tones in the least because they are in a public place; on the contrary, all their fellow-travellers are immediately made aware of what they consider "so awful," or "so horrid," or "so lovely."

It is not pleasant to find fault, and where we see so much to admire it is a pity to call attention to defects. Yet if you observed a speck upon your child's best dress you would try to get it off; if you see it upon her best manners, why not try to do the same?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SPLICING THE LADDER.

One night the large and splendid Sailors' Home in Liverpool was on fire, and a vast multitude of people gathered to witness the conflagration. The fury of the flames could not be checked. It was supposed that all the inmates had left the burning building. Presently, however, two poor fellows were seen stretching their arms from an upper window, and were shouting for help. What could be done to save them?

A stout marine from a man-of-war lying in the river said, "Give me a long ladder, and I will try it."

He mounted the ladder. It was too short to reach the window. "Pass me up a small ladder!" he shouted.

It was done. Even that did not reach to the arms stretched frantically out of the window. The brave marine was not to be balked. He lifted the short ladder up on his own shoulders, and, holding on by a casement, he brought the upper rounds within reach of the two men, who were already scorched by the flames.

Out of the window they clambered, and creeping down over the short ladder, and then over the sturdy marine, they reached the pavement amid the loud hurrahs of the multitude.

It was a noble deed, and teaches a noble lesson. It teaches us that when we want to do good service to others we must add our own length to the length of the ladder.

Harry Norton saw that his fellow-clerk, Warren Proctor, was becoming a hard smoker and a hard drinker, although he was only sixteen years old. When he urged him to stop smoking and drinking, Warren replied:

"Why, you sometimes take a cigar and a glass of wine yourself."

"If you will sign a pledge never to smoke a cigar or touch a drop of liquor, I will do the same," was the reply.

The bargain was made, and Harry saved his friend by adding the length of his own example to the length of the ladder.

A widow lady near me was suffering from sickness and poverty. Her daughter, a delicate, refined girl, said to herself: "My mother must be taken care of: I'll advertise for a place as a servant girl."

She did so. A rich man saw the advertisement, and determining that the brave girl should not undertake that, he procured her a situation as secretary in an institution where she gets six hundred a year. An unselfish daughter thus brought relief to a suffering mother. She spliced the ladder with her own self-denying exertions.

It is a noble thing to be unselfish, and to give up gratifications for the sake of other people. When the great Christian sage of old said, "It is right not to drink wine by which my weak brother stumbles," he added the length of his own influence to the ladder for saving others from drunkenness.

I could tell of two Christian lads, well educated and refined, who go every Sunday to a mission school in a dirty, degraded street, that they may encourage some poor ragged boys to go there too. Those two boys have the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are not selfish; and they mean that the poor, ignorant lads shall climb up in the world over them.

That is the way to imitate the Divine Master, who gave himself that men might climb out of the folly and degradation of sin into heaven itself.—*Youth's Companion.*

CORRECTING A MISTAKE.

Frank Herbert was set to correct his dictation in the school-room after lesson time. It was a bright clear afternoon, the boys were at play in the pleasure-ground near, he could hear their merry shouting, but he was determined not to look out at them. Ill at ease and vexed with himself and all the world, he drew the teacher's chair near the large fire-screen, and began with a somewhat discontented air to repair the mischief he had done.

"The rats were actified," wrote Frank, and paused. Then he looked at it. He could not tell what was the matter. He could not discover the error, and yet it looked queer. Besides, he was writing all on one side of the slate. Then he looked at it again, but this time a smile began to dawn on his face, his mouth twitched, and at last he burst into a hearty fit of laughter. It rang through the empty school-room with a startling sound.

"Well, to be sure," exclaimed Frank, "the rats were actified, when it should have been 'the acts were ratified.' I am a careless fellow to be sure, and deserve to be found fault with. Well, 'it is never too late to mend,' and I must 'turn over a new leaf,' though it is only a slate. So here goes!"

And Frank rubbed his slate very clean and ruled it carefully. Then he began again, transcribing word and word as he could recall them, not misplacing or mis-spelling them, and so when his teacher came to look at it he was exceedingly surprised.

"Why, Frank," he began, "this is well done."

The boy looked gratified.

"I tried my best," he said.

"So I perceive," the teacher replied, "and you have written on more than the slate. You have stamped upon your character a habit of carefulness and self-conquest, and corrected a mistake in your life. Remember this, my dear boy, it is a great thing to see our mistakes, greater still to confess them, greatest of all to set ourselves to correct them."

Frank never forgot his lesson.—*S. S. Messenger.*

A DOG OF MINE.

Most little boys and girls are taught to be kind to dumb animals. I wish they were oftener told how sensible, patient, and faithful dogs are. I am going to tell you a little anecdote, just to prove what I say.

I know two little boys, called Edgar and Frank, who have a large collie dog, to whom they gave the name of Ruff. They were living, last summer, with their parents at one of those pretty houses on the banks of the Thames. Edgar was always very kind to Ruff, who was devoted to him; but Frank used to tease Ruff; he would call him, and then when the dog ran to him he would give him a kick or a pinch, and say, "Go away, you stupid old thing; I don't want you." Frank did this simply out of fun, and could not be made to understand that he hurt poor patient Ruff, who never growled or bit him.

One afternoon the boys were playing on the banks of the river, when Frank exclaimed, "Oh, Edgy, do look at those lovely lilies just opposite! Let us get into the boat, and pick them for mother." To which Edgy too readily assented.

They jumped into the boat, followed by Ruff, and soon reached the coveted flowers. They were stretching their little bodies over the side of the boat to reach them, when it capsized, and, much to their horror, they found themselves in the water. They both cried out for help, but there was nobody near, except poor old Ruff, who, having gained a footing on the capsized boat, stood looking at the little boys with ears erect, as if wondering what to do.

"Oh Ruff! Ruff!" they shrieked; "save us!"

Upon which Ruff jumped into the water beside Edgar, who threw his arms round the dog's neck; but Ruff shook him off, and, taking a firm hold of his little jacket, swam home with him, and laid him gently on the grass. The moment Edgar recovered himself he looked for Frank, who was still in the water, holding on to the boat, and calling Ruff with all his strength. Ruff paid no attention to him, and was busily engaged licking Edgar's hand, and wagging his tail, as if proud of having saved his dear young master's life. Edgy jumped up, and said, "Ruff, fetch Frank!"

Ruff looked at Edgy, as much as to say, "Do you really want me to go; because I am so afraid Frank will only pinch and hurt me if I do?"

Edgy said again, in an imperative tone, "Go Ruff!"

Whereupon Ruff, somewhat reluctantly, swam across to Frank, but would not touch him until Frank put out his hand and patted him; then he took hold of him as he had done of his brother, and carried him safely to Edgar's side.

The two little boys ran to tell their mother what had happened. She was very much shocked to see them so wet, and ordered nurse to put them to bed at once, and give them some warm milk. When in bed, and chatting over the afternoon's adventure, Frank said to Edgar, "I shall never kick or pinch Ruff again, Edgy. I am sure I have often hurt him; for, you see, he doesn't like me half as well as you, and didn't want to save me."—*Little Folks.*

SEEKING FRUIT.

A master comes to his garden. He turns over leaves of pear and plum-trees, and he looks along the branches of the peach-trees. "Trees look very healthy, don't they, sir?" says the gardener, in a satisfied way. Then they pass into the orchard. "Nice trees these, sir," observes the gardener, "very choice sorts, golden pippin and russet." Then they turn to the hot-houses: "Vines and pines look very promising," says the gardener, smiling complacently. At last the master speaks out, half angrily, "What in the world is the use of healthy trees, and of choice sorts, and of promising plants? I don't want green leaves and fine young wood only—I want fruit. And if you can't get it I must find somebody that can."

The Lord of the vineyard comes to us. He stands before us and looks underneath the leaves of our profession, searching for fruit. Good desires, good feelings, good endeavors, all our praying, all our believing, —everything else counts for nothing unless there be some fruit.

This is what our Master requires and seeks.—*The Christian.*

A LITTLE BROTHER and sister were talking about their home, and their love for it. "I wouldn't swap my home for any other in the world," said the sister. "Oh! I don't feel so," was the boy's response. "I think that Willy A———'s home is as pretty as ours. It's bigger; and it's got more things in it. I think I'd like to swap ours for that." "But would you like to give up your father and your mother for his?" asked the sister. "And would you rather have his sisters than yours?" "No, I wouldn't want that," said the boy. "Well, to swap homes means that," said the sensible sister; "for a house itself isn't a home. A home is your father and mother and brothers and sisters, and everything you have in the house." Wasn't that well said? Isn't there a truth in those words which is hid from many of the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes? A well-furnished house is not a home. A home is the life and the love which the family in the house represents. Who would swap his home for a rich neighbor's?—*S. S. Times.*

MANY YEARS AGO three little English boys were amusing themselves together one summer afternoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave, and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said. "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others, and was soon merrily engaged in play again. This was the noted Captain Hammond. He was a faithful servant to his earthly sovereign, but better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—*Child's Paper.*

Question Corner.—No. 13.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

145. How old was Joseph when he was sold into Egypt?
146. In what Psalm are to be found the words of our Saviour on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me"?
147. Name a weapon of destruction which became a fountain of refreshment?
148. What great work was undertaken by King Hezekiah in order to provide a more abundant supply of water for the city of Jerusalem?
149. What apostle speaks of journeying into Spain?
150. Sick persons were once placed where the shadow of a good man might pass over them and heal them. Who was the man?
151. What was Paul's occupation?
152. Which of the Apostles cut off the right ear of a man with a sword, and who was the man?
153. The name of what heathen god was applied to Paul?
154. Who was the father of Abraham?
155. By whom was St. Paul educated?
156. What army was smitten with blindness?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

My *first* is oft prefixed to words,
And signifies "beneath,"
My *second's* blessing is the Lord's,
To save from sin and death;
And planted oft on heathen soil;
It well repays the gracious toil.

When patient Job prepared his soul
To bow beneath the rod,
Without reserve he gave my *whole*
To meet the will of God.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

121. Forty years.
122. The men of Succoth and Penuel to Gideon's army, Judges viii. 5, 8.
123. Numbers xxxii. 23.
124. At Gilgal east of Jericho, Joshua iv. 19.
125. Nineveh, Jonah iv. 11.
126. Shallum, 2 Kings xv. 10.
127. Second cousin, Genesis xxiv. 24.
128. Nathan, 1 Kings i. 10.
129. Caleb the son of Jephunneh, Num. xiii. 6.
130. Galatians i. 14.
131. Mephibosheth, 2 Sam. ix. 13.
132. Joel iii. 3.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. Sinai. 2. Enoch; Elijah. 3. Korah. 4. Shepherd. 5. Abraham. 6. Vine. 7. Emmaus. *Seek* (and) *save.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 11.—William C. Wickham, 8.
To No. 10.—John Archibald McNaughton, 10; William C. Wickham, 8; D. Archie McDonald, 4 ac; James T. Rattry, 8; Washington Groves Smith, 4; John Trueman, 6 ac; C. A. Redmond, 9; Maggie Sutherland 12 cn.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the Westminster Question Book for 1880.)

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON I.

JULY 4.]

THE CREATION.

Gen. 1: 1-3; 2: 4-8.

[B. C. 4004.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-9.

1. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

2. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

3. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

4. These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

5. And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground.

6. But there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground.

7. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

8. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—Gen 1: 1.

HELPS TO STUDY.

V. 1. IN THE BEGINNING—of old. (See John 1: 1.) The one passage illustrates the other. GOD—Elohim; the simple generic name of God; "the mighty." CREATED—brought into being; originated out of nothing. THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH—the material universe taken in its widest sense.

V. 2. THE EARTH—this planet on which we live. Ages may have passed between the creative act of verse 1 and what is now recorded. WITHOUT FORM AND VOID—shapeless and waste. The same phrase is used Isa. 54: 11. Confusion and emptiness. THE DEEP—the abyss of waters with which the earth was surrounded. SPIRIT OF GOD—the third person of the Trinity. MOVED —was moving, or brooding, as a bird over her young. (See Deut 32: 11.) It denotes a continuous action. UPON THE FACE OF THE WATERS—the abyss. This was the preparation for the grand creative results.

V. 3. GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT—not that there was any spoken word or audible voice. God's speaking is his willing, and his willing is his doing. AND THERE WAS LIGHT—though it was not until the fourth day that the sun and moon were constituted. The inspired author then gives in detail the work of the six days or creative periods. The work of the first day was light; of the second, the firmament; of the third, dry land with its products; of the fourth, the sun, moon and stars; of the fifth, fishes and birds; of the sixth, land animals and man, who was the sixth, land, animals and man, who was created in the image of God. All was made very good, and on the seventh day God rested from his work, and hallowed it as the Sabbath day.

Ch. 2: 4. GENERATIONS—literally, "births;" origins. IN THE DAY—when. THE LORD GOD—origins. IN THE DAY—when. THE LORD GOD—The name of Jehovah is here first used.

V. 5. EVERY PLANT OF THE FIELD. Though these plants were created full-grown and seed-bearing (ch. 1: 11, 12), yet none had as yet been produced from the seed, because (1) there was no rain, and (2) there was no cultivator of the soil. Both of these are now furnished.

V. 6. THERE WENT UP A MIST—which, forming into clouds, fell in rain and watered the earth.

V. 7. BREATHED INTO HIS NOSTRILS—a figurative expression to show that man's life origin ated in a different way from his body, being transplanted directly by God. Eccles. 12: 7. BREATH OF LIFE—literally, OF LIVES; not only of animals, but also of spiritual life. A LIVING SOUL—a living being invested with immortality.

V. 8. PLANTED A GARDEN—in an extensive park, a paradise. It seems implied that the place was made of superior beauty. EASTWARD—in the eastern part. IN EDEN—("pleasantness") pre-eminently an attractive region in the high table-land of Armenia. AND THERE HE PUT THE MAN—with everything needed for his perfect happiness.

LESSON PLAN.

1. MATTER. 2. MAN. 3. PARADISE.

TEACHINGS.

The perfection of God as manifested in the work of creation; his OMNIPOTENCE in making all things of nothing by the word of his power; his WISDOM in adapting the means to the end intended; his GOODNESS in providing bountifully for the wants of all his creatures.... God's goodness to man in making him in his own image, with dominion over his creatures; in fitting up the earth with everything for his comfort and enjoyment.... The glory and dignity of man, created in God's own image and endowed with a portion of his authority.... As we are the creatures of God, we are bound to use all our powers in his service.

LESSON II.

JULY 11.]

THE FALL AND THE PROMISE.

Gen. 3: 1-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 8-13.

1. Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?

2. And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:

3. But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

4. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die:

5. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

6. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.

7. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.

8. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.

9. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?

10. And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself.

11. And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?

12. And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

13. And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

14. And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.

15. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin."—Rom. 5: 12.

INTRODUCTORY.

Adam's location in the garden, ch. 2: 18-25. Formation of woman and institution of marriage, ch. 2: 18-25.

Of the life of our first parents in Eden we are told but little. It was a state of innocence, and therefore of happiness; but it was also a state of probation. How long they continued obedient we are not told. The time had now come when their allegiance to their Maker was to be tested.

HELPS TO STUDY.

V. 1. THE SERPENT—the animal serpent, which Satan used as his instrument, causing it to speak with man's voice. SUBTILE—cunning, crafty. UNTO THE WOMAN—as the most susceptible of injury, and with the least suspicions of evil. HATH GOD SAID—are you sure that you understand him aright?

V. 2. WOMAN SAITH—instead of parleying with the serpent she should have repelled him.

V. 3. THE TREE—of the knowledge of good and evil, ch. 2: 9. TOUCH IT—approach it.

V. 4. YE SHALL NOT DIE—a positive contradiction of God's words, ch. 2: 17.

V. 5. KNOWING GOOD AND EVIL—without need of divine direction. Such is Satan's promise.

V. 6. THE WOMAN SAW—Satan's promise drove the evil threat out of her mind, and she beheld the tree with other eyes.

V. 7. EYES.... OPENED—nothing like conscious guilt to quicken conscience to open the eyes. SEWED—plaited; fastened together. APRONS—girdles.

V. 8. VOICE OF THE LORD—God had before been wont to walk and to converse with them. HID THEMSELVES—conscious of their guilt.

V. 9. WHERE ART THOU—thus calling them to account.

V. 10. AFRAID BECAUSE.... NAKED—the question gave Adam opportunity to confess his sin, but his answer was full of evasion.

V. 11. WHO TOLD THEE—an indirect reproof for not perceiving his fault in his punishment.

V. 12. THE WOMAN.....GAVE—he seeks to throw the blame upon the woman and on God himself.

V. 13. GOD SAID UNTO THE WOMAN—God gives her also an opportunity for confession and repentance. BEGUILED ME—deceived me by flattering lies.

V. 14. GOD SAID UNTO THE SERPENT—the curse upon the serpent reaches further, and terminates upon himself. CURSED ABOVE—the cursed serpent is in Scripture a similitude of the most hurtful, venomous and hateful beasts. DUST SHALT THOU EAT—(Isa. 65: 25; Ps. 56: 6; Matt. 23: 33. THY BELLY —the first doom. DUST SHALT THOU EAT—(second doom); so low as necessarily to mingle dust with the food. Isa. 49: 23.

V. 15. ENMITY—antagonism, hate. This is the third doom. THY SEED—wicked men and devils. HER SEED—Christ and his Church—BRUISE THY HEAD—Satan may injure for a time, but his head shall be crushed at last. To Christ every knee shall bow.

LESSON PLAN.

1. THE TEMPTATION. 2. THE DISOBEDIENCE. 3. THE CURSE. 4. THE PROMISE OF A SAVIOUR.

TEACHINGS.

Sin is of a deceptive character .... It is progressive—one sin leads to another .... It is dangerous to parley with temptation .... Men are prone to throw the blame of their sins upon others .... God is not the author of sin—it is hateful in his sight .. It is impossible to escape its consequences .... It brings shame and misery .... Its wages is death.... God permitted sin to come into the world, but he has graciously provided a Saviour.... By the first Adam all are brought under the curse of the law; by the second Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ, believers are redeemed from the curse, he being made a curse for them.

LESSON III.

JULY 18.]

CAIN AND ABEL.

Gen. 4: 3-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 8-13.

3. And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord.

4. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering.

5. But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell.

6. And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?

7. If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him.

8. And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him.

9. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?

10. And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

11. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.

12. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength: a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.

13. And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

14. Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth: and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.

15. And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him seven-fold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."—1 John 3: 15.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTERMEDIATE.—Curse upon Adam and Eve (ch. 2: 16-19); Driven from Eden (ch. 3: 20-24); Birth of Cain and Abel. ch. 4: 1, 2.

V. 3. IN PROCESS OF TIME—literally, "at the end of days;" either at the end of the week (the Sabbath), or at the end of the year (the time of in-gathering). CAIN (possession)—the first-born. BROUGHT.... AN OFFERING—but neglected to bring what was enjoined by God.

V. 4. ABEL.... BROUGHT.... FIRSTLINGS—the first-born and unblemished. HAD RESPECT—approved and respected.

V. 5. UNTO CAIN.... HAD NOT RESPECT—not approved, because not the prescribed offering and not offered in faith. THE LORD SAID—he stoops to expostulate with him.

V. 7. IF THOU DOEST WELL—if thou obeyest my command in this. SHALT THOU NOT BE ACCEPTED—namely, "shalt thou not have the excellency?" He would be accepted if he obeyed the divine command. SIN LIETH AT THE DOOR—the spirit of the soul, like a wild beast, ready to devour it. THOU SHALT RULE—referring to the birthright of the eldest son.

V. 8. SLEW HIM—This is the first murder and the first death on record.

V. 9. THY BROTHER—God wished Cain to see and confess his awful crime. I KNOW NOT—he adds falsehood to the first crime.

V. 10. CRIETH—appeals to me for justice, calls out as with a voice.

V. 11. NOW ART THOU CURSED—thus Cain is cast out from the favor of God, from Eden.

V. 12. IT SHALL NOT.... YIELD.... STRENGTH —the former curse laid upon the earth (ch. 3: 17) is increased for Cain's sake. FUGITIVE—fleeting from place to place, and therefore homeless. VAGABOND—a wanderer in disgrace.

V. 13. MY PUNISHMENT IS GREATER—he complains of his punishment, but gives no sign of repentance.

V. 14. THY FACE—thy presence and protection. SHALL SLAY ME—shall seek to kill me.

V. 15. WHOSOEVER SLAYETH CAIN—God in mercy spares his life that he might have an opportunity to repent, and that he might be a warning to others. SET A MARK—not necessarily a body-mark, but some sign or assurance that his life should be preserved.

LESSON PLAN.

1. THE OFFERINGS. 2. THE FIRST MURDER. 3. THE CURSE UPON CAIN.

TEACHINGS.

God requires of us offerings. vs. 3-5.... They should be of the best.... They should be made in faith.... It is not the offering that makes the offer acceptable.... God accepts the offerer first, then his offering. v. 4.... Envy and jealousy lead to murder. v. 5.... The fault lies at our own door if we are not accepted. v. 7.... Anger in the heart tends to murder by the hand. v. 8.... One crime often leads to another to conceal it.... Every sin will be punished.... God judges the act by the motive .... All our actions are known to the Lord.

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